

1 INT. JS MOTORS - RECEPTION/OFFICE AREA - DAY 8 - 10.30 1

Tracy and Viv busy on reception. Viv is taking calls, as Tracy leads a young family - mum, dad, two kids - to the waiting area.

TRACY

Grab a seat, there's teas, coffee, juice for the kids - our sales advisor will be with you shortly -

She smiles, professional, then nods at Viv with a mischievous grin and heads over to the sales team.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Important email about next week, Viv's just sent it - check your inbox...

They all do so... Emma, Grace, Marianne...

EMMA

What is it?

Emma clicks on the attachment and it opens to reveal

A PHOTO OF TRACY AND VIV IN THEIR BIKINIS, SUN HATS ON, COCKTAILS IN HAND, IN ONE OF THEIR BEDROOMS - SMILING.

Viv has appeared next to Tracy.

TRACY/VIV

(they sing, and dance, big kids)

Whoa! We're going to Ibiza, whoa! back to the island, whoa! We're gonna have a party...

EMMA

(one track mind at the minute - wedding)

I hope you're going to save some energy for my hen night, it's like two days after you get back -

TRACY

You know me, always up for a party -

EMMA

And I don't care how funny you think it is, I'm telling you now - all of you - no stripper -

TRACY

Too late, he's already booked.
Isn't that right Pete -

That last line shouted to Paracetamol Pete, across the room, he turns, confused. Laughter from the girls.

BETH
Busy girls!

They turn to her, naughty school girls.

BETH (CONT'D)
Isn't it bad enough we've to manage without both receptionists for a week, without you doing nothing while you're actually here.

Foul mood. Tracy and Viv scuttle back to their home, they are the lowest rung on the JS Motors hierarchy and we should feel their lowly status.

Beth turns to Marianne.

BETH (CONT'D)
How can they sell with that going on? You're in charge.

Beth strides away. It's an embarrassing public reprimand and Marianne is seriously stung by it.

Marty comes bounding up to reception. No evidence of the shame of last week in his demeanour.

MARTY
(grabs the info sheet)
I'm on fire this morning, I could sell condoms to Catholics -
(sotto to Tracy)
Kids names?

TRACY
George and Sophie.

He heads over to the waiting family, with his info sheet.

MARTY
(big smile on his face, addresses the kids)
George, Sophie - I believe you're interested in buying a new car - let me guess, you want the Beamer -

The family all laugh, kids love that he is talking to them.

GRACE
(passing, sly dig -)
Anyone died today Marty?

She heads away, and we see that despite his attempts at bonhomie, he is still very much persona non grata.

MARIANNE
What the hell was that?

Beth looks up.

BETH C
You're not one of the girls
anymore, Marianne, you're
management, you wanna try behaving
like it -

Marianne stares at her, they both know that's not the real issue here.

MARIANNE
I thought we'd sorted all this -

Beth says nothing.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)
If you've got an accusation to make
about me and Dave, then I suggest
you make it, or better still, let's
take it to Mike -

Beth stares at her.

BETH
You say the calls were work calls,
nothing more - weekends, two in the
morning, five times a night...

MARIANNE
(reiterates her defense)
He was my manager - we were under a
lot of pressure -

BETH
Fine.

Doesn't believe her.

MARIANNE
You don't believe me.

BETH
No. I don't.

Hold the look between them.

BETH (CONT'D)
But I can't prove it, so where does
that leave us -

Hold on Marianne. Who becomes strongly defensive.

MARIANNE
I don't have to take this - think
what you like -

She goes. We hold on Beth, bothered and affected by this, but realising she has slender proof.

Council estate. Far from salubrious, but not Ken Loach grim.

Tracy walking across the estate where she lives. She passes a huge NATIONAL LOTTERY poster in the news agents window.

Modest house, without obvious affluence.

Tracy arrives home. Her mum, TANYA (single mother), who is only in her thirties, so must have had Tracy young, is watching TV - some talent show - with Tracy's brother Robbie. They're eating on their laps.

TRACY

Thanks for waiting.

ROBBIE

We were starving.

TANYA

Microwave, two minutes -

TRACY

Stuff you anyway, this time
tomorrow I'll be drinking cocktails
in the Spanish sun -

Tracy drags her coat off, heads for the kitchen.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Did you get me them suitcases out
the loft -

ROBBIE

They're in your room -

TANYA

Two suitcases - how much stuff do
you need for a week in Ibiza?

Tracy slamming her food into the microwave, we hold on her face a beat. Something isn't quite right here. She is lying to her family and it doesn't sit easy...

6

INT. TRACY'S/VIV'S HOUSE - TRACY'S/VIV'S BEDROOM -
NIGHT 8 - 22.45

6

Tracy's bedroom, her wardrobe open, clothes everywhere - HUNDREDS OF ITEMS, dead fashionable. And SHOES, must be forty pairs.

Skype between Tracy and Viv. Each in their own bedroom late at night, whispered conversation.

VIV (O.S.)
Listen to this...

She is reading from a ROUGH GUIDE.

VIV (CONT'D)
...Playa Dorada has a sparkling ten-mile shoreline, fronted by coral reefs and aquamarine blue lagoons, backed by green hills shrouded in sugar cane, banana palms and lush tropical vegetation...

TRACY
Sounds like paradise.

VIV
Nicer than Ibiza.

TRACY
Don't know about that - I'm dreading the flight - ten hours, there'd better be free booze.

VIV
We'll turn it into party plane.
What you wearing on the flight?

TRACY
My Tulisa jumpsuit - what about you? *

VIV
Pink Racer back and trainers.

N.B These clothes descriptions can change - to be discussed with wardrobe and actresses.

Hold on their excited faces.

TRACY
I can't believe we're really going -

But, again, there's something else going on... something unsaid, an anxiety laced deep within the excitement...

7

EXT. MANCHESTER AIRPORT - DAY 9 - 06.30

7

AEROPLANES taking off.

JIMMY's car is parked outside the DEPARTURE BAY. The girls have their bags on the pavement.

JIMMY - cool young guy, twenties, tanned (wearing a baseball cap) - kisses Tracy as Viv stands to one side like a plum. The kiss goes on a bit. Viv coughs loudly. They part.

Jimmy fishes into his inside pocket, hands her an envelope.

JIMMY

Tickets, cash. You'll be met outside the airport by two guys I know - they'll introduce themselves as Bale and Ronaldo.

The girls smile.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Not their real names.

TRACY

Do they look like them?

JIMMY

Only from a distance. Have a good holiday.

TRACY

We will.

Jimmy slaps her arse and Tracy grabs her suitcase, blowing him a kiss as she giddily heads towards the terminal.

Jimmy watches them go, they look like two ordinary young women excited about their holiday...

8

EXT. INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DOMINICAN REPUBLIC - DAY 9 - 8
13.00

Large sign is seen - Welcome to the Dominican Republic.

Viv and Tracy exit the airport with their bags. They blink into the beautiful sunshine. Viv slides her shades on.

TRACY

Sunshine!

VIV

Look, palm trees in the airport.

'BALE'

Vivienne, Tracy?

They turn to find TWO DR LADS, not much older than themselves, smiling at them. They're lookers.

TRACY
Bale and Ronaldo?

RONALDO turns around to reveal the name RONALDO on the back on his Madrid football shirt. They laugh.

'RONALDO'
How was your flight?

TRACY
Great.

VIV
Three movies and wine on tap, it was my like perfect day.

BALE
(smiles -)
Let us help with your bags.

And - ever the gentlemen - they scoop up the girls' bags and start carrying them to their waiting car.

RONALDO
This way.

Tracy and Viv share a look. Treated like royalty.

TRACY
I could get used to this.

She smiles flirtily at him.

Their BAGS are dumped in the boot of a BATTERED CAR and the rear door is opened for them by Ronaldo.

RONALDO
We'll take you to your hotel.

The girls enter. Door slammed behind them. Bale and Ronaldo jump in the front. Engine sparked and the car fires away like a bat out of hell.

Dance music thumping out.

Car SPEEDING through the Dominican Republic streets - Viv and Tracy in the back loving every second. White knuckle ride.

Music continues over...

10 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY 10 - 15.00 10

Tracy and Viv hanging up their clothes, loads of fashionable stuff - these are trend followers.

Tracy and Viv getting changed into their bikinis. They arrange themselves in their mirrors to make sure they are looking fantastic - hair up, tits great.

They look at one another.

TRACY
Pool.

11 EXT. HOTEL - SWIMMING POOL - DAY 10 - 16.00 11

Viv and Tracy jump simultaneously into the swimming pool. Their heads bob back above the water and they scream with delight. Let the holiday begin...

12 EXT. PLAYA DORADA/STREETS - DAY 10 - 19.00 12

Viv and Tracy walking through the main tourist drag. They are like children - in awe of all the new sights and sounds. They constantly nudge each other and point to various sights/attractions/people. Then giggle or gossip.

They do 'selfies' on their phones, and we crash into shot after shot hitting the screen in a stylised montage - photos that will soon find themselves on Facebook or Twitter...

They pass TWO YOUNG LADS heading this way.

LAD 1
Alright, girls.

TRACY
Typical, you come half way round the world and meet Scousers!

Tracy and Viv are away, laughing.

13 EXT. PLAYA DORADA - OUTSIDE BAR - NIGHT 10 - 21.30 13

Music continues...

Viv and Tracy have colourful hulas placed around their neck by a DANCING WAITER as he serves them expensive cocktails.

They're in their element.

TWO DUTCH LADS opposite smile at them and make encouraging gestures. Smiles and flirting.

Viv and Tracy glance at each other, unspoken, they are saying 'those guys are fit!!!'

JUMP TO:

Music thumping. The four of them together now. Chatting, drinking. Flirting...

JUMP TO:

Viv, Tracy and the DUTCH GUYS dancing. They have 'coupled' off and 'dirty dancing' with their guys.

And from this to total calm. Almost silence. Only the sound of the sea. Sun bouncing off the surface of the water. Tracy and Viv are swimming in the amazing turquoise ocean.

Viv looks back at the beach, takes in where she is -

VIV
(treading water)
Trace -

TRACY
What?

VIV
I love being here with you -

TRACY
(smiles)
I love being here with you -

Hold on them, best of friends and allowing themselves a moment where they acknowledge it - both treading water -

TRACY (CONT'D)
Are you trying to do a wee -

VIV
Yeh -

TRACY
So am I -

They howl with laughter -

VIV
(splashes her)
Dirty cow -

TRACY
(splashes back)
You dirty cow -

VIV
You dirty cow...

15 EXT. BEACH - DAY 11 - 09.30

15

Viv and Tracy lie on the beach like sun goddesses. When suddenly a DARK SHADOW passes over. They look up.

It's Bale and Ronaldo.

BALE
(of their bodies)
Thin girls. Is there a food shortage in England?

TRACY
Why, do you like big girls?

VIV
Something to get your hands on?

This is all played fun, almost flirty. The guys perch down on their sun loungers. But then...

RONALDO
(serious faced)
You met men last night.

Tracy and Viv share a look, how the fuck do they know.

RONALDO (CONT'D)
Who were they?

TRACY
What's it to you?

BALE
You had sex with them?

No!

VIV

TRACY
(angry, bemused)
You'd best not tell Jimmy that -

Ronaldo turns on her, furious.

RONALDO
English girls can't drink. You get pissed, say stupid things.

TRACY
We told them nothing.

RONALDO
Good.

The atmosphere is suddenly very hostile, completely incongruous with the relaxed surroundings.

RONALDO (CONT'D)

The hotel manager knows us. He'll
be watching you -

VIV

What's that supposed to mean?

RONALDO

You're here for a purpose. Yes.
Don't forget it -

And with that, they get up and head away. Hold the look
between Viv and Tracy...

Rain pours down. The forecourt is a sorry looking sight as
no one wants to view cars in this weather.

Fat Jason and Paracetamol Pete have brews and are nattering
together under a canopy (Pete inserts a nasal spray halfway
through his conversation - always ill). Marty is alone,
sitting to one side sheltering in a hatchback.

Rick and Jez are busy working on cars in the background.

Ziggy, the young mechanic, passes, carrying supplies to the
workshop, he clocks Marty alone... slows his pace.

ZIGGY

Wanna see a picture of me bird?

He pulls his phone from his pocket, hands it to Marty. His
phone wallpaper has a PARROT on it.

Marty laughs.

ZIGGY (CONT'D)

Kettle's on in the workshop - if
you fancy a brew.

MARTY

(surprised, touched, but
still...)

Nah, you're alright mate.

ZIGGY

We've got bourbons.

Marty smiles, appreciates the gesture.

Beth in her office. She is acting nonchalant but her eyes
are on the 'sales managers office' - through the blinds she
can see Marianne laughing (perhaps a little flirtily) with
Jez (of Jez and Emma).

On Beth, eyeing her, hating her.

18

INT. JS MOTORS - OFFICE AREA - DAY 11 - 16.05

18

Beth strides purposefully across the office, passing the sales team (Marty, Pete and Emma all working) and reception - where one of the young sales girls - AMELIE - is covering for Tracy and Viv.

BETH

Alright, Amelie, you coping?

AMELIE

Shouldn't I get paid double for this, if I'm covering two jobs?

BETH

No, Tracy and Viv only work half as hard as you do -

And Beth's away before Amelie can question the logic of that.

Ziggy passes reception, doesn't even glance at Amelie.

AMELIE

Hi Ziggy -

ZIGGY

Oh, hi Emily -

AMELIE

Amelie.

(big smile)

Corrected, he's away again. She exhales, gutted, he doesn't even remember her name...

Beth marches into Kathy's office and is surprised to be met by the sight of a GREAT DANE.

BETH

Whoa -

KATHY

Titch, sit.

BETH

Why is your dog here?

KATHY

Long story. Well, short story. He's depressed - I couldn't leave him on his own...

BETH

(looking at Titch, seems fine)

Depressed?

KATHY

He's lost his girlfriend, Cheryl,

BETH

Cheryl?

KATHY

She's a Daschund.

BETH

What, she died?

KATHY

Moved away - she lived next door, with Mark and Sally, but they've gone, separated, he caught her sleeping with the bloke from the fish shop... so Cheryl's moved to Sussex - that's the trouble with adultery, it's always the innocents that suffer.

BETH

Right.

And back in the real world...

BETH (CONT'D)

Is Mike in?

But before she can answer.

MIKE (O.S.)

For God's sake.

Door flies open from the adjoining office.

MIKE (CONT'D)

(brandishing a letter)
How many times do I have to send
Customs and Excise the same
information - how many times. Tell
them we've sent it.

He flings the letter to Kathy and goes back in his office.

BETH

(pulls face)

What's up with him?

KATHY

Hangover.

Then can't resist adding the juicy bit.

KATHY (CONT'D)

His wife's back.

Ordinary Lies Episode Two Yellow Amendments 14.
18 CONT: (2) 18

She pulls a theatrical grimace, and then turns back to her computer as if 'I can't spend all day gossiping'.

Beth beds that down, goes.

19 EXT. PLAYA DORADA - EVENING 11 - 20.00

19

MOPED cruising along the coast road, lights of the town twinkle in the distance. Tracy and Viv ride pillion.

They shout the following in a sing song, joyful way, girls fantasizing about what they can buy -

TRACY

Kurt Geiger boots, Jill Sander
dress -

VIV

Gold necklace like Beyonce wears...

TRACY

Juicy Couture tracksuit, Mulberry
jacket -

VIV

Louis Vuitton bag -

TRACY

Ipad, Iphone -

VIV

Hair extensions, boob job -

TRACY

We're gonna have them all -

They turn left, following a sign for a MIDNIGHT PARTY, ready for their last night of fun and thrills...

20 EXT. PLAYA DORADA - BEACH PARTY - NIGHT 11 - 00.10

20

Nightclub or Beach party.

Chase & Status 'Let You Go' belts out - and they throw their arms in the air and chant along, never felt more alive. *

Mark this moment for Tracy - a moment of total abandon, freedom, fun...

21 INT/EXT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY 12 - 07.30

21

Early morning.

Tracy wakes, with a hangover. She looks different, more tanned, hair braided, traveller bracelet.

She looks across to Viv, still out of it.

The room is a mess, evidence of a great last night party all around them.

Tracy peels out of bed, grabs a bottle of water and heads out onto the balcony.

She looks across the quiet pool area, then across the horizon to the beaches and the sea beyond.

There is a stillness. No one around yet. The peace and beauty of the place are amazing and it is one of those perfect tranquil moments which holidays can provide.

We hold on Tracy's face.

Hold and hold and hold... as she contemplates what is to come...

22

INT/EXT. CAR/DOMINICAN REPUBLIC STREETS - DAY 12 - 08.45 22

Looking through a dusty windscreen at sparse Dominican Republic roads. There's a ramshackle feel which suggests we are a fair distance from a big city. Tracy and Viv sit silently, nervously, in the back of the car as it goes deeper and deeper into foreign (and therefore scary) territory.

Ahead a small village approaches. The girls peer to see where they're arriving.

ANGLE - POVERTY RIDDEN GHETTO. Every face they see is black. Children look older than their years.

Viv and Tracy share a fearful look. To their western eyes, there's a palpable sense of danger here.

The CAR pulls up beside a LARGE DECREPIT BUILDING. Ronaldo motions for them to get out of the car. They silently obey. Fear written across their faces.

As they walk towards the building they are WATCHED BY LOCALS. It unnerves them even more.

23

INT. DECREPIT BUILDING - DAY 12 - 09.00

23

Viv and Tracy are led through the building to a room at the far end of a corridor. As they enter the room they come face to face with THREE SERIOUS BLACK MEN.

The leader speaks, in good English.

LEADER

Thank you for assisting us. We'll make this as easy as possible.

The girls nod.

Theatrically, he lifts a drape from a table to reveal TWO SMALL MOUNTAINS OF BAGGED COCAINE. Actually, they are rubber pellets of cocaine in condom type wrapping, spherical, each containing scores of pellets...

The girls stare at the drugs.

LEADER (CONT'D)

Drink this to lubricate the throat.
You look like girls who can
swallow.

Small laughter from around the room. This repels Viv and Tracy. They are moved towards the bags of coke.

They are terrified.

And in a long dialogue free sequence, we watch as the girls start the process of swallowing the bags.

Drink of liquid. Bag into mouth. Swallow.

Viv gags a bit on the first one, but manages to get it down with a little liquid.

Tracy gets on with the task, almost on auto pilot, like she has turned her mind off to where she is and what she is doing, she's a mule machine.

It's a hideous process but the MEN stand watching dispassionately, they have done this a hundred times. Their only concern is that every single bag goes inside those two bodies.

Tracy and Viv being driven to the airport by Bale and Ronaldo. They pass ordinary life going on. People preparing for another ordinary day...

It's the longest, scariest journey of their entire life. And the antithesis of their journey on arrival.

RONALDO

You must check in separately, sit
separately, do not talk to each
other until you are on the plane.

They nod their understanding. And we move down from the girls' fearful faces to see that they are holding hands.

Viv walks into the airport and immediately scans for SECURITY. They carry machine guns.

Tracy enters through a different door. She does a quiet mantra to herself.

TRACY

Stay calm, keep calm. Stay calm,
keep calm....

Her eyes dart around the huge airport, everything seems perfectly normal. She approaches the 'boarding' screen and scans it for her flight.

QUEUES of passengers are lined up at TWO SEPARATE desks. Tracy is in one queue, Viv in the other.

Though they've been told not to, they sneak surreptitious looks at each other. Both are terrified.

Viv wipes a bead of sweat from her top lip.

The queue inches forward. Jump cut time pass to find Viv at the front of her queue.

ASSISTANT

Next please.

Viv goes to the desk, hands over her passport and ticket.

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

Good holiday?

VIV

Yes thanks.

Viv watches her like a hawk (as does Tracy) as she taps information into the computer, tags the bag, all the usual paraphernalia. Tension, tension. Then she stops.

ASSISTANT

One moment.

She picks up the telephone, time stands still. What's she doing? Who the fuck is she ringing?

She starts speaking - an English/Spanish mix - to someone.

Meanwhile across the way, Tracy is called to the front of her queue, starts being processed in the usual way.

Both girls are rigid with fear, but acting as casual as they can manage.

ASSISTANT #2

Passport?

Tracy snaps from her fear and fumbles for her passport, hands it over for the assistant to inspect.

Ominously, the assistant looks from the passport photo to Tracy's face. Then back again. Tracy posits an 'it's me' smile.

ANGLE - back at Viv's desk, the assistant places the phone down. Looks up to Viv.

ASSISTANT
Customs officer is coming.

VIV
(terrified)
Customs, why?

ASSISTANT
Procedure.

She keeps Viv's passport and tickets. Viv has a wide-eyed fear. Starts babbling.

VIV
Look, is there a problem, I mean,
I'm just going home from holiday.
What do customs want me for?

ASSISTANT
They won't be a moment.

Tracy glances, almost imperceptibly from her queue. Sees the problem. Her heart pounding inside her. But she is handed passport, boarding card etc...

ASSISTANT #2
Gate seven. Enjoy your flight.

TRACY
Thank-you.

Tracy takes her tickets and makes a hasty exit. Not even daring to glance as TWO CUSTOMS OFFICERS (blue short sleeved shirts, shades, strangely official looking) arrive.

Viv rooted to the spot, it's almost as if she is watching this out of body, from above herself.

CUSTOMS OFFICER speaks to ASSISTANT and takes Viv's passport. Then addresses her.

CUSTOMS
Follow me, please.

VIV
Why? Where we going?

CUSTOMS
Just some questions.

VIV

I'm going home. I've been on
holiday...

CUSTOMS

(motions - this way)
Please.

Viv has no choice. The other OFFICER grabs her bag and as
PASSENGERS watch on, she is led away.

ANGLE - Tracy, at a significant distance, watching this.

27

INT. INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DOMINICAN - TOILETS - DAY 12 27
- 14.45

Tracy slams into a toilet cubicle, literally shaking with
fear. Sweat pouring from her, heart pounding.

TRACY

No, no, no, no, no.

She slides to the floor and stays huddled there.

28

INT. INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DOMINICAN - DAY 12 - 15.00 28

Viv is flanked by the CUSTOMS OFFICERS - it's an unnervingly
long walk - the officers swaggering a little - all the way to
a far door, where she is led into a side room.

Linoleum floor, pale green walls. Sort of room that would
smell of disinfectant and cigarette smoke.

The door closes behind her and all the noisy bustle of the
airport is shut out. Silence.

Then, as the OFFICERS speak to each other in Spanish, a sense
of foreboding fills the room.

Viv glances to one side, there is a GRUBBY PINBOARD. On it
are glossy photographs of various TRAVELLERS AND LOCALS with
small 'trophies' of drugs in front of them. They are the
previously captured.

Viv's heart sinks. Her eyes dart faster than sound.

VIV

I need to go to the loo.

CUSTOMS

No, no toilet.

The OFFICERS start unzipping her SUITCASE and removing the
clothes and items without care.

Viv gets a brief window of hope.

29

INT. INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DOMINICAN - SECURITY -
DAY 12 - 15.15

29

Tracy passes through a scanner without incident and heads towards the gate where the planes are waiting.

She is scared and worried about Viv, but self preservation has kicked in now. She has to get out of here.

30

INT. INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DOMINICAN - CUSTOMS ROOM -
DAY 12 - 15.30

30

Viv watches as her bag is inspected. There are now two plain clothed DEA officers in the room too, along with a duty lawyer and an airline representative.

Viv becomes aware that a DEA OFFICER is carefully watching her.

DEA OFFICER
Shoes off. Shoes!

Viv removes her trainers, she reluctantly hands them to the officer, who feels and presses at them. The uniformed customs police leave the room.

Viv is daring to think she might get away with this. There's more animated conversation between the officers. Then...

DEA OFFICER (CONT'D)
This way.

The officer leads Viv into an adjoining room, where she comes face to face with what looks like a HOSPITAL SCREEN.

VIV
What's this? What am I doing?

DEA OFFICER
X-ray, X-ray.

Viv freaks.

VIV
Look, I shouldn't even be here.
What about my plane. I should be
on my plane, I'm being picked up, I
need to get back home...

They manhandle her towards the machine.

VIV (CONT'D)
You can't do this to me.
(then, in sheer
desperation)
I'm English.

31 INT. INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - PLANE - DAY 12 - 17.10 31

Boarding. Tracy boards the plane as SMILING AIR HOSTESS welcomes her and directs her to her seat.

32 INT. AEROPLANE - DAY 12 - 17.35 32

Tracy sitting at a window seat. She stares out at the terminal. The pilot/captain is doing his taxi-ing speech. It's an oasis of calm as people settle into what's going to be a long flight. We stay with Tracy, and all the emotions flying through her...

The PASSENGER next to her, older woman, talks to her.

PASSENGER
It's raining at home. If it wasn't
for me cats I'd emigrate.

Tracy has no desire/energy/nerve to communicate, she makes a half-hearted gesture then returns to staring out.

33 INT. JS MOTORS - SALES OFFICE AREA - DAY 13 - 09.00 33

Fat Jason is in his sales office with a mum, dad and their young son buying his first car. He really wants that car. But it's negotiation time and things are getting tense.

DAD
I can't go over five grand, I just
can't -

THE SON
Dad -

DAD
I can't -

He really wants that car (and the mum wants him to have it). But the dad is a stubborn old mule.

FAT JASON
Okay, tell you what I'll do, I'll
speak to my sales manager - because
I don't want to see this lad in
tears, I really don't -

He ruffles the young lad's hair and goes. He swings into Marianne's office, knocks on open door -

FAT JASON (CONT'D)
The Mini Cooper, I need you to come
and play Bad Cop -

MARIANNE
(nods, rises to come)
Where've you reached with them?

FAT JASON

The mum and son desperately want it, the dad's adamant he can't go over five grand. But trust me, if he ever wants shagging again he'll buy this motor.

They laugh.

As we follow them they pass Beth coming this way, she blinks Marianne and walks past the open door of her office, as she glances in she notices Marianne's MOBILE buzzing on the her desk. She thinks about calling her, but then, just as swiftly another thought hits her. She glances back and sees Marianne and Jason go into the office where the family are - she is doing big hellos, playing the part.

I.e. She is massively distracted.

Beth makes a decision. Checking to see if anyone is looking, she slides into Marianne's office and GRABS THE PHONE.

She exits.

Beth in a concealed position, beside a LARGE CUTOUT OF A SMILING MERCEDES - 'We sell happy cars'.

She has clear sight of Marianne and Fat Jason in the office from where she is but her eyes are on the phone. In haste, she scans through - TEXT MESSAGES, looking, looking, looking... inbox, outbox, deleted... but there is nothing suspicious. Eyes all the time flitting up to check Marianne isn't exiting the negotiation.

She scrolls through the call register. Again, nothing suspicious...

Then the phone book, a,b,c, and in D she finds DAVE (WORK), DAVE/FRANCE, and DAVE ;) - strange.

But as she opens the number of Dave ;) and scans it, grabs a pen to write it down, she sees...

Marianne standing to leave the room. Shit, shit...

She quickly heads back across, but it's now a race against time. Marianne is shaking hands with the dad, and the mum, saying her goodbye's - deal done...

Beth reaches her office and manages to slide the phone back on the desk, but just as she is exiting the office, as nonchalant as she can manage, Marianne sees her -

MARIANNE

Beth -

Beth turns.

BETH

Your phone was ringing - I was going to bring it to you - but then it stopped -

A lie, and they both know it, but Beth isn't waiting around for interrogation. Marianne goes into her office - picks up the phone and can instantly tell - where is the missed call notice - that Beth was lying...

Beth crashes back into her own office. Exhales. But even so, three Dave numbers - what the hell is that about?

Tracy walks, with her suitcases, the full length of the airport car park. Still glancing round, still full of terror that she is being followed. Play her paranoia - jump cuts emphasize show her agitation. Jimmy's car is parked right at the far end (the agreed meeting point) and he watches her arrive, but doesn't get out, doesn't come to help. He just watches her coming towards him on her own -

She eventually arrives. He springs the boot. Climbs out.

JIMMY

Where is she?

TRACY

(frantic -)
She got caught, she got stopped,
with all the drugs inside her -

JIMMY

Get in the car.

TRACY

You said it'd be a breeze, said
there'd be no chance -

JIMMY

In the car.

She does. He flings the suitcases in the boot.

Driving along, away from the airport. Jimmy's eyes flit to the rear view, making sure they aren't being followed...

TRACY

We both went to the airport. Did exactly as we were told. But something happened. Customs appeared. Marched her to an office. They must know.

JIMMY

Not necessarily.

TRACY

Why would they stop her!

JIMMY

(calming, reassuring)
Look, until we know for definite let's assume she's alright. They might have just been asking questions -

TRACY

And kept her off the flight! Why would they do that. Why?

JIMMY

I don't know. I'll talk to people, see if I can find anything out. If she's been done there'll be news, right. Just... stay with it.

Tracy frantic - the full weight of the mess they are in hitting her between the eyes.

TRACY

I want this stuff out of me. I want this shit out of me right now -

He delves in his pocket and casually tosses her something.

JIMMY

Here -

Tracy looks at the box quizzically -

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Laxatives. Cherry flavoured.

Most people have left for the day. Beth is in her office. Her phone rings. She grabs it -

BETH

JS Motors. Beth Corben.

Silent.

Her heart pounds. This again.

BETH (CONT'D)
Beth Corben.

Nothing. She hangs up. Then looks across the office at the closed dark 'sales manager's office'. On Beth.

She notices Mike is still working in his office. She grabs her phone and rings internally, he answers -

BETH (CONT'D)
Can we talk?

39 INT/EXT. JS MOTORS - MIKE'S OFFICE/CAR PARK - DAY 13
- 17.20

39

Mike has booze for special occasions and they are sitting in his office, each with a a glass of wine...

BETH
I've no proof of anything -

MIKE
Sounds iffy to me. Calls day and night, three Dave's in her phone -

BETH
They could be different people -

MIKE
Shall I get her in. Talk to her about it -

BETH
And say what?

Beth looks tired, pained with it all -

BETH (CONT'D)
She flatly denies it. I can't harass the woman. And I can't admit stealing her phone.

Mike accepts that.

BETH (CONT'D)
What do you know about her?

MIKE
Marianne? Not a lot. But that's not saying much - what I know about the personal lives of my staff you could write on the bumper of a cinquecento.

He smiles, she returns it.

BETH

Her records say she's married but
she never seems to talk about him -

Mike shrugs, then a memory is dredged.

MIKE

Hang on... is he the one that had
his tongue pierced?

BETH

(amused)

Y-what?

MIKE

Christmas do, he came to pick her
up; I offer him a drink, next thing
I know he's talking cunnilingus -

Which at least makes Beth smile.

MIKE (CONT'D)

It heightens the pleasure -
apparently. So I'd imagine she's
still with him...

They smile. Mood lightened, he tries optimism.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Look, Beth, he hasn't ran away with
her, so we can rule out a serious
relationship...

BETH

Can we?

She challenges him with a look -

BETH (CONT'D)

There's something about her, I
don't trust her... she's got a
shifty face -

MIKE

I know... for a woman getting the
sort of action she's been getting,
you'd think she'd look happier -

They laugh again. And then...

MIKE (CONT'D)

Oh shit.

CCTV monitor shows a RANGE ROVER pulling in.

BETH

What is it?

MIKE
Alison, and the kids -

On Beth, rallies. She already knows they are back together but pretends otherwise -

BETH

When did she come back -

MIKE

Last week -

(rising to go out)

I was going to tell you -

BETH

It's fine -

MIKE

No, I was. I should have. I just wanted to find the right time -

BETH

Mike, it's fine.

Mike heads out as his wife, ALISON - attractive, 40, someone who has grown used to money and a certain lifestyle - heads across with the kids, RUBY, 15, and LUKE, 8.

MIKE

What you lot doing here?

ALISON

Thought we'd take you for dinner -

They kiss/peck.

ALISON (CONT'D)

Are you ready to leave -

MIKE

I can be -

(to his son)

Hey, kiddo - how's school?

And across the way, Beth leaves the office. She waves casually at Alison as she makes her way to her car.

Alison oblivious to the fact that Beth has slept with her husband. And Beth having to watch this show of familial affection. Mike aware of this, feeling super awkward.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Okay, well, give me five minutes...

BAGS of drugs sit on the table in Jimmy's flat.

Tracy pacing, can't sit still. She looks wretched.

TRACY

What am I gonna tell her mum and dad? How can I tell them she hasn't come home...

JIMMY

You need to sleep.

TRACY

We told them we're coming back later tonight, to give us time to come here - but they'll be expecting her home. In two hours, they'll be expecting her through the door. What am I gonna say?
WHAT AM I GONNA TELL THEM, JIMMY?

She's feral.

JIMMY

I don't know -

TRACY

She's over there on her own. She's all on her own.

Tracy sobs, Jimmy holds her, needs this like he needs a hole in the head. Over her shoulder he says -

JIMMY

You'd better ring them.

Standing on the balcony of Jimmy's flat, looking across the night time city scape, Tracy is on her mobile...

Hating the words she is saying, but trying her best to sound casual and credible -

TRACY

I know it's a bit weird, I said so myself, but... she just liked this guy and wanted to stay a few more days so...

(they are going bananas)

Yeh, to be honest, I think she was scared to ring you, scared of your reaction so... I know, but that's why I said I'd do it...

(more bananas)

Well, yeh, of course, call her but, you know, she might not... I'll call her if you like... tell her you're not happy...

All the time, in the b/g Jimmy is listening. Tracy pulls a 'this is going badly' face.

Hard cut to silence. Tracy sitting with her head in her hands.

Jimmy enters, holding a tatty bag. He moves towards her and places the bag beside her. She looks inside -

FIVE THOUSAND POUNDS.

Tracy's face, this is a lot of money. But even so.

JIMMY

Harvey Nics, DKNY, can have
whatever you want...

This should thrill her, doesn't.

TRACY

I can't go home. I can't do it,
can I stay here tonight -

He'd rather she didn't, see just a flicker of this. But -

JIMMY

Course.

Early morning. Tracy heading across the estate where she lives. She has her wheelie suitcases and small holdall.

It's quiet, no one around, and yet she still feels paranoid, like she is being watched.

Tracy arrives home. Tentatively opens the door.

TRACY

Mum? Robbie?

No reply. Palpable relief. They're still in bed. She slides inside, looking at her house afresh. Home - the place she should have stayed.

She heads through to her bedroom. Locks the door.

Then fishes into the holdall and produces the CASH - payment for her work. There's bundles of it in twenties.

She thinks where to hide it - scans the room, nowhere looks safe enough. Eventually she removes a drawer from the chest and stuffs the cash right down the back, then replaces the drawer. You wouldn't happen upon it.

Tracy sags on her bed. Just lies there reliving the events of the past twenty four hours, when...

TANYA

Baby! You're back -

She startles her.

TRACY

Hiya.

Tracy manages a big fake smile. They hug.

TANYA

How was it, did you have a great time?

TRACY

Yeh, good.

TANYA

You look fantastic, you've caught the sun. Viv enjoy herself?

TRACY

Yeah.

TANYA

Bet you got up to all sorts. I'm not even gonna ask, I don't even wanna know...

Her mum laughs. Tracy's insides drop. She feels sick to her stomach. There's no way she can keep up this lie. She sees her JS Motors work badge on the side and her heart sinks.

Workers streaming in, Marty still quite alone follows Pete who's talking to Kathy and Marianne - the usual morning arrival. In amongst this we find Tracy, headphones on, hoping to be ignored.

She is scanning NEWS SITES on her mobile, scrolling headlines super fast to see if the story has broke...

It hasn't. Some relief.

But then... Emma appears.

EMMA

So come on, give us all the gory details...

TRACY

(suddenly goes into a big act)

Two words - Amazing. I don't think I slept. Seriously, maybe an hour, I've never partied so hard in my life, and the men... it's lucky you didn't come with us or you'd be thinking twice about marrying Jez... how I'm gonna get through today I'll never know.

EMMA

Well you'd better sleep. I don't want you wussing out on my hen night. Where's Viv?

Tracy standing in Mike's office.

MIKE

Ill? She has a week's holiday and she comes back ill?

TRACY

Some kind of food poisoning. Must have been a dodgy kebab.

MIKE

A dodgy kebab? I have been on wild holidays you know, I do know the drill - has she over done it?

Tracy just shrugs. That's all she is giving him - Mike relents, what can he do?

MIKE (CONT'D)

So when can we expect her back?

If only Tracy knew. Only just holding together -

Sales forecourt. Marty and Fat Jason are working their magic with customers on the forecourt. Emma is busy on her computer.

Tracy paces, well out of earshot of everyone, on her phone.

TRACY

I'm trying to get some information about my friend, Vivienne Baxter.

(MORE)

TRACY (CONT'D)

I was expecting her back from
holiday today and she hasn't
arrived.

(MORE)

TRACY (CONT'D)

(beat)

Dominican Republic.

(beat)

I was wondering if you could find something out for me.

(beat)

No, I'm not family. I'm just a mate from home.

(beat)

What do you want my name for?

Jump to

New phone call. Still pacing. More crazed now.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Jimmy, I need to talk, I need to see you...

(he's clearly making excuses)

Fine, I tell you what, I'll go to the bleedin' police.

*

Lunch time. Ziggy is talking to Amelie outside whilst Rick and Jez have a brew. Tracy sitting in Jimmy's car at the very far end of the car park. In the distance some of the mechanics are kicking a ball around, just letting off steam.

JIMMY

Who've you been ringing -

TRACY

The Consulate. I Googled it. It said they can help -

JIMMY

Are you out of your mind? Do you think these people are stupid?

TRACY

I'm worried about her -

JIMMY

Fine, so worry - but don't stick your head out the hole. You've got away with it, you're home and dry -

TRACY

Says who? What if she talks, what if she tells them I was involved, tells them everything -

JIMMY

She won't -

TRACY

(all this played frantic,
maybe jump cuts, to get a
sense of her total mania)

How do you know? I would, if I was
stuck over there - they'll be
getting to her won't they - in her
face, and they'll wanna know who
gave them to her, where they were
going - and they'll keep on and on
and on until they break her - and
she'll be scared and shitting
herself - and she'll tell them,
because she'll have to, to save
herself, and then what Jimmy, then
what - they're gonna come for us...

Silence. Hold that heavy silence.

JIMMY

Get out the car, I need to show you
something -

TRACY

What?

He motions 'out'. They both get out. She looks at him - 'what? He motions to follow him. And he walks her somewhat closer to the football game, i.e Nearer people.

And then...

JIMMY

It's all over. Right. You get me.
It's over -

She stares at him, incredulous.

TRACY

What you on about?

JIMMY

It's over.

TRACY

What's over?

JIMMY

All this. Me and you. It's
finished.

TRACY

You using bastard!

JIMMY

You got what you wanted... money,
free holiday -

TRACY

- you *wanker* -

JIMMY

You got exactly what I promised.

She wants to punch him but knows she can't draw attention to herself. He starts to walk away, she follows.

TRACY

And what about Viv! You can't just leave her out there!

JIMMY

Not my problem. Delete my number from your phone -

TRACY

Well maybe I'll make it your problem, maybe I'll tell her family exactly where they can find you -

JIMMY

That'd be a really bad idea, Tracy -

TRACY

She could get ten years!

JIMMY

She won't.

TRACY

How do you know -

He reaches his car and slams inside. But she springs the passenger door before he can depart -

TRACY (CONT'D)

How do you know!

JIMMY

Because she was the decoy, right. The sacrifice. She weren't carrying as much as the others -

TRACY

What others?

JIMMY

There were others - you think we go to all this trouble for just you two - there were others carrying - and they all got through -

Tracy is utterly bamboozled.

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50 CONT: (3) 50

JIMMY (CONT'D)
She won't talk. Because she'll be
told what'll happen if she does.

Zoom. Foot down, he starts to pull away. Tracy has to dodge
out of the way as he door slams shut with momentum.

She watches him go. And we stay on Tracy, staggered, upset,
angry, confused, scared...

51 INT. JS MOTORS - RECEPTION/SHOWROOM - DAY 14 - 13.30 51

Reception. Marty and Fat Jase are talking through sales
figures with Marianne. Marty not as involved in the
conversation. Tracy heads back behind her desk. She is
shaken, not herself... Amelie clocking this.

AMELIE
Everything okay?

TRACY
Yeh, fine.

And Tracy just brushes it straight off. Starts fiddling with
her work sheets. But then she stops, turns to Amelie.

TRACY (CONT'D)
Do you fancy a drink? After work?

AMELIE
(happy to be asked)
Great -

TRACY
Maybe get some of the others out -

52 OMITTED 52

53 INT. PUB - EVENING 14 - 20.30 53

Tracy brings drinks over to the table with Amelie helping
her.

TRACY
Three pints of lager, a vodka and
tonic, a white wine -

GRACE
Just coca cola for me -

TRACY
I've bought you a wine -

GRACE
No, no, I'm driving -

TRACY

So get a taxi - I'll pay for it -
you're not having a coke -

Laughter. Tracy sits down in the middle, with Amelie, Grace, Marianne, Rick, Ziggy and Paracetamol Pete also present...

AMELIE

Did you go to Pacha? Amnesia?

TRACY

Everywhere -

AMELIE

Space?

TRACY

All of them.

ZIGGY

Did you get out much, see the place?

TRACY

We hired bikes. Motorbikes. Went up North - to the beaches - didn't you see the pictures on Instagram -

ZIGGY

Nah, not on it -

AMELIE

Here - I've got them -

And before he can object Amelie is pulling her mobile out.

ZIGGY

Did you go to Portinax, it's beautiful up there...

TRACY

I know, amazing -

ZIGGY

Cala San Vincente?

TRACY

Yeah, is that the place right at the top of the island?

ZIGGY

Just along from San Juan -

Amelie is showing him the photographs and snuggles as close as she can get to Ziggy as they look at them.

ANGLE - photos on the phone, one after another - mostly close or mid shots of Tracy and Viv on holiday. (N.B.

It is clear they have been carefully chosen to show nothing that reveals the truth of their actual location)

AMELIE
State of you two -

ZIGGY
Did you go to Las Salinas, the beach with the salt flats -

TRACY
Yeah, yeah... really fantastic - is that at the top as well -

ZIGGY
No, that's right at the bottom -

TRACY
Right, yeah, I'm forgetting -

RICK
(craning in -)
Whoa, whoa - back up. Two girls on a moped. Can I have that one for private use -

GRACE
Rick!

ZIGGY
That's weird -

Tracy looks at him, suddenly panicked.

TRACY
What's weird -

ZIGGY
Did you hire that bike?

We see a PHOTO of Tracy and Viv on their hire bike.

TRACY
(suddenly cautious)
Yeah, why?

ZIGGY
It's got the wrong license plate -

TRACY
(fuck fuck)
Y-what?

ZIGGY
Look - Rep Dominica, that's not Ibiza.

TRACY

(trying desperately to
dismiss it)

What are you, an anorak?

ZIGGY

How can they be hiring that out in
Ibiza?

On Tracy, shit, shit, shit...

AMELIE

(playful, trying to be all
fun to impress Ziggy)Are you sure you didn't secretly
fly off to the Caribbean -

They laugh. This is starting to unravel.

On Tracy...

TRACY

Why don't you just put your hand
down his pants Amelie, it'd be more
subtle. Men like a bit of a
challenge you know -

AMELIE

What you on about -

TRACY

You think he's gonna respect you if
you're throwing yourself at him,
you're acting like a school girl -

GRACE

Tracy -

TRACY

'Oh Ziggy, oh Ziggy, you're so
gorgeous and funny - please come
home and shag me senseless Ziggy' -
mwww, mwww, mwww -

She does kissing motions.

AMELIE

(really upset -)

She's talking shit, that wasn't
what I was doing -

ZIGGY

It's okay -

TRACY

(stand up, making real
scene now -)

(MORE)

53

CONT: (4)

53

TRACY (CONT'D)

So why don't we get this out in the open once and for all - Ziggy, do you or do you not want to sleep with Amelie -

AMELIE

(flees the room)
You total bitch!

She tears away and all eyes fall on Tracy.

PARACETAMOL PETE

You're out of order Tracy -

But Tracy's eyes glance down at the now discarded and forgotten photos on Amelie's phone.

TRACY

What's up, can't she take a joke?

54

INT. TRACY'S HOUSE - TRACY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 14 - 23.45

54

Tracy lying in bed, sleep won't come.

55

INT. TRACY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 14 - 01.30

55

Tracy lying on the sofa, staring at NEWS 24, she obsessively checks the red button News headlines. Still nothing.

56

INT. TRACY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 15 - 07.00

56

Morning. Tracy jerks awake as she hears voices. News 24 still on, she stares at the screen (sound muted) - Breaking News. And an image of a foreign location.

Her heart pounds - is this it?

She grabs the remote but she can hear her mum coming down the stairs. As she hits the sound ('*a young woman found dead on a beach in Thailand*') she realises it isn't a Viv story.

She zaps the news off as her mum enters.

TRACY

Morning.

TANYA

How long have you been up?

57

INT. JS MOTORS - RECEPTION/SHOWROOM - DAY 15 - 08.10

57

Tracy arrives at work (most workers are already there inc Kathy who we see walking around), Amelie already there. Amelie greets her arrival with contempt. Word has obviously got around the office as people are looking her way -

TRACY
(begrudgingly offers)
Sorry -

Amelie acknowledges that.

TRACY (CONT'D)
So, did you shag him?

Tracy walking the customers across the forecourt to where Marty is working, but she is in a daze. Ziggy and Rick are busy working on the cars.

FLASH CUSTOMER
I've always driven statement cars
me, top end - Audi's, Beamers...
they send a message don't they,
people see you in a nice motor they
think you're doing well... people
see you/ driving a Micra, what they
gonna think, I'll tell you what
they'll think - loser.

At / Tracy sees a CAR arriving and to her horror she realises that in it are Viv's parents, JANICE and JOHN - and then, even worse, in the back seat, is her mother Tanya.

Tracy stops dead heart pounding, sick to her stomach, we hold on Tracy's face. The customers swap looks.

TRACY
Your salesman's over there.

She turns and runs away.

Tracy dashes past the mechanics area, which catches eyes. Her urgency. People wondering what's wrong.

JEZ
You alright, Trace?

TRACY
Tell Mike I'm sick.

And to be fair she looks sick. She dodges out through their back door, gone. Jez, Rick and Ziggy swap looks.

Tracy running across the fields at the back of JS Motors, knowing this is absurd but needing to escape.

Running, running, running...

When her mobile phone starts to ring. She looks at the display: MUM.

She slows to a walk. Then stops. What should she do? She stands motionless in the middle of the field...

Crash straight in - high energy, intense. Office full of people - Tracy, Mike, Beth, Tanya, Janice and John.

JOHN

(barely controlling his
anger)

Who paid for it?

TRACY

I don't know -

JOHN

She's lying -

TRACY

I'm not.

JOHN

My daughter's in a foreign prison.
Answer the bloody question. Who
paid for it?

TRACY

I don't know -

JOHN

(yells)

What do you mean you don't know?

MIKE

John, please -

JOHN

You told everyone you were going to
Ibiza. Why? Why would you do that
if you were going to the Dominican!

TRACY

We were scared people would ask how
we were affording it -

JOHN

And how were you - you didn't pay
for it out of reception wages.

All eyes on Tracy.

TANYA

You've gotta tell us darling -

Her mind racing.

TRACY

It was Viv's boyfriend.

JANICE

Which *boyfriend*?

TRACY

I don't know.

JOHN

(furious)

Have you any idea how serious this is. Which boyfriend?

TRACY

He's called Jimmy.

Tanya registering that.

JOHN

Jimmy?

JANICE

Never heard of him.

JOHN

Jimmy who?

TRACY

I don't know, just Jimmy.

JANICE

Where does he live?

TRACY

I don't know.

JOHN

Jesus Christ - someone pays for a holiday, thousands of pounds and you don't even know who it is -

TRACY

(attack best form of defense)

He's loaded. I thought he was treating us. Viv was going on and on about how we hadn't had a holiday and he just... offered. It didn't seem that weird -

They despair.

JOHN

This doesn't make sense. None of this makes any bloody sense -

MIKE

(pissed off)

No, it doesn't - and the last thing I need is a scandal on my doorstep.

Beth takes over, more conciliatory.

BETH

Tracy, you told Mike Viv was sick, you told John she'd met a lad; she wasn't on the plane with you - you see how this is looking -

All eyes on Tracy - accusatory.

TRACY

She said she wanted to stay a few days - we argued about it - but she was adamant, so I left her. I didn't know she was gonna do this - who smuggles coke, it's crazy... no wonder she wanted me out of the way... either that or she was forced, maybe the guy forced her... I don't know...

JANICE

(heart breaking -)

Why would she carry drugs for him? She wouldn't do that.

TRACY

...money.

JANICE

(in utter despair)

What kind of money's worth risking your life for?

TRACY

I don't know!

ANGLE - Kathy on the other side of the door trying to hear as much as she can and simply not believing her ears.

MIKE

Tracy, you need to be honest with us, did Viv mention anything to you about this, anything at all, it's vital you tell us the truth -

But she rejects the chance to come clean -

TRACY

No.

JOHN
She's lying.

BETH
John, please -

JOHN
- my daughter's on the other side
of the world because she got
involved with drugs. Drugs.
Look me in the eye and tell me you
had nothing to do with that -

She can't.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Look me in the eye.

TANYA
My girl isn't a liar!

JOHN
And mine isn't a drug smuggler -

TRACY
(loses it now)
I don't know nothing, right. I
didn't carry no gear, I was *nothing*
to do with it -

And she storms out the door, almost taking out Kathy who
can't get out of the way in time.

Kathy's dog starts barking. Then runs off...

Everyone is stunned.

JANICE
(getting upset, crumples)
Why would she do this? Why would
she be so bloody stupid?

She is bereft. TANYA unsure what to think.

BETH
She'll be alright, I'm sure there's
some plausible explanation.

No one believes this. Tanya goes. Mike exhales.

Tracy by the sinks, just needing space, away from everyone.
But TANYA enters. Hold their look -

TANYA
'Jimmy'?

TRACY

I did the dirty on her, okay.
Once. But he was Viv's fellas.

Tanya not sure whether to believe this.

TANYA

I'm on your side, yeh. But you have
 to promise me you ain't lying.

TRACY

I'm not.

Tanya holds her look, long enough to know that her mother
doesn't fully believe her.

Kathy's dog has jumped up at Fat Jason and is trying to hump him, much to the amusement of Ziggy, Rick and Jez, who are jeering and yelling - 'You've pulled', etc. Kathy is trying to get a lead back on it, as Fat Jason wriggles and writhes.

Marty joins in the laughter, and we see that he is starting to be slightly integrated again.

ZIGGY

(offers the packet)
 Bourbon?

But this becomes background as

Mike walks Janice and John back to their car. As John climbs in, Janice holds back, wants a private word.

JANICE

Please don't tell anyone, not yet.
 The embassy say the press won't
 find out until she's formally
 charged... we're hoping it won't
 come to that...

Mike nods, of course.

JANICE (CONT'D)

I just want her home.

This is hard for her, and will break her. And we should feel that this is every parent's worst nightmare.

Mike strides back in, through Kathy's office - as she opens her mouth to talk...

MIKE

You tell no one. No one.
(heads for his office,
then doubles back -)
And if that bleedin' dog's here
tomorrow I'll give it something to
be depressed about -

65

CUT

65

66

INT. TRACY'S HOUSE - TRACY'S BEDROOM - DAY 15 - 20.05

66

However, in Tracy's bedroom, Tanya and Robbie are doing a vigorous search of the room for anything incriminating.

TANYA

What about the drawers?

She points to the DRAWERS where the money is stashed.

ROBBIE

It's just underwear and that.

Not satisfied with that, Tanya crosses and hastily pulls out one of the drawers, starts rifling through.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

Careful, she'll know -

She slides the drawer back in and pulls another one out, as she does so, there's a noise as SOMETHING HEAVY DROPS.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

What's that?

Robbie shoves her out of the way to investigate the back of the drawers - tension, tension - but before he can get to the package, they hear the sound of THE LAVATORY FLUSHING.

TANYA

Shit, she's coming out. Quick.

They slam the drawers back in and do a hasty tidy, then launch themselves out of the room just as Tracy exits the bathroom. Tracy registers their odd expressions.

TANYA (CONT'D)

Good bath?

TRACY

Yeh.

She heads towards her room. As she goes in, she can instantly tell they have been in there.

Panic as she realises what they could find.

67 EXT. ESTATE - DAY 16 - 07.20

67

Tracy walking through the estate with the BAG OF MONEY. We focus on the bag, then on Tracy, what is she going to do?

68 EXT. PARADE OF SHOPS - DAY 16 - 07.30

68

She reaches a parade of shops. She is *walking walking walking* with that bag of money. Where is she going? What is her plan? To the side of the shops are two HUGE CLOTHES BANK DONATION CONTAINERS. Tracy approaches one of them with the bag. She contemplates what she is about to do. She pulls down the level and slots the bag of cash into the dipped metal flap. One push and the money will drop inside the container, gone forever. One push, one push... that's all. We hold on Tracy's face. She lets go. Clang. It slams closed. That's it - thousands of pounds - gone.

Hold on her face. Eyes closed. What has she done? She opens her eyes and we hold on her face, her expression slowly changing, almost a wry laugh...

We then see what she is looking at -

The leather handle of the bag has trapped as it closed, the bag hasn't fallen. On Tracy - re-evaluating.

Hold, hold, hold. She can't do it.

She grabs the handle, pulls the flap open and scoops out the bag. She quickly walks away.

69 INT. JS MOTORS - STAFF ROOM - DAY 16 - 08.00

69

WORK LOCKER opened. Tracy scans around to make sure no one is looking then stashes the BAG OF MONEY deep inside.

70 INT. JS MOTORS - RECEPTION/SHOWROOM - DAY 16 - 15.30

70

Tracy leads a young family to the reception area like at the top of the episode. But unlike the top, her entire demeanor is different -

TRACY

Take a seat, there's teas, coffee, juice for the kids - our sales advisor will be with you soon -

She then heads back to reception as Marty arrives to grab the documentation, he blows a kiss to Amelie -

MARTY

Can we keep her permanently - she's miles cuter than Viv -

Amelie laughs. Tracy doesn't.

MARTY (CONT'D)
(sotto, of the family)
What are the kids' names?

TRACY
Piss and Off.

She slams behind reception.

MARTY
Unusual names.

ANGLE - Beth watching this from her office, worried about Tracy, knowing what she does.

But her eyes are then drawn to Marianne leaving her office. But this time she doubles back and grabs something -

Her phone.

She glances in Beth's direction, as if to say, I'll not be leaving that there again...

Darkness of the early hours. This is when the fear comes. Tracy lying in her bed, can't sleep. She tosses and turns but the release of sleep simply won't arrive.

We go HEIGHTENED now...

Really close in on her face. Bizarre angles. Almost like we can capture her thoughts, her pain, her anxiety...

AND WE CUT TO:

Heightened, a little unreal -

VIV - now in a prison uniform (brown overall with a T-shirt underneath) - IS LED THROUGH THE PRISON (a holding prison, she hasn't had a formal hearing yet). She is carrying a sandbag pillow. As the GUARD walks ahead, Viv takes it all in with rising horror - the filth, the clothes hanging from barred windows, the oppressive lack of natural light, and the noise (from cells). Deafening noise.

BACK ON:

Tracy trying to sleep... can't sleep... thinking of Viv in prison... is what we are seeing in her mind, her imagination... we shouldn't be able to tell...

73

CONT:

73

She gets up, paces, tries to blot out these thoughts... but still they come...

74

INT. PENITENTIARY - DAY 16 - 16.10

74

Three to a room. Lots of rooms. ALL BLACK FEMALES. Lit with three long fluorescent strip lights, it's incredibly bright.

Everyone looks awful - ragged, sleep deprived and diseased.

Viv - bemused and scared in the cell. Such hostile faces and ill looking people, she lowers herself to the floor and squeezes her body into the tiny space that has been made available. The smell is overwhelming. This is home.

BACK ON:

75

INT. TRACY'S HOUSE - TRACY'S BEDROOM - MORNING 17 - 05.30 75

Light comes through the window, morning's arrival.

BEAUTIFUL SHOES in a carefully placed row along the floor, as if lined up for inspection.

Tracy is carefully positioning all her shoes in order. It is strange behaviour and we can see that Tracy's mind is shattered, she is doing this almost without consciousness, just to divert her mind from the terrible dark places it travels... after a night of mental torment.

76

CUT

76

77

INT. JS MOTORS - STAFF ROOM - DAY 17 - 08.00

77

Tracy comes marching in. She grabs the BAG OF MONEY from her locker.

EMMA

Where the hell is Viv?

The arrival of Emma startles her.

EMMA (CONT'D)

She's not even answering my texts,
rude cow. Is she gonna miss my do?
Coz a couple of others have pulled
out and frankly I'm getting worried
about numbers -

TRACY

If she's ill, she's ill -

Tracy takes the bag and makes a hasty exit.

78

INT. JS MOTORS - SHOWROOM - DAY 17 - 08.15

78

On the move -

As Tracy heads through the showroom, past Marianne, Fat Jase and Beth all busy, Emma trots behind, still going on about the only thing of importance to her.

EMMA

So - the plan is -

And she hands her a PROFESSIONALLY PRINTED running order with *Emma's Hen Night* written at the top in curly serif font.

EMMA (CONT'D)

We all meet at mine at 7.30. Get ready together, music, drinks, whatever, then head down to the restaurant in three taxis, pre-ordered, before food we'll do presents and speeches - because I know they'll be some, there *always* is - but if anyone's bought a chocolate cock, that's SO unoriginal. I'll allow L plates, even a tiara, but I draw the line at penis confectionery...

Tracy isn't listening, she just walks away, out the door.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Tracy, Tracy...

79

INT. HIGH STREET CLOTHES SHOP - DAY 17 - 09.45

79

Tracy trying on EXPENSIVE CLOTHES. Fairly joyless as she assesses herself in the mirror.

JUMP TO:

EXPENSIVE CLOTHES are laid on the counter. ASSISTANT starts ringing them through. Tracy pays, in cash. Again without much pleasure.

80

CUT

80

81

INT. VARIOUS HIGH STREET SHOPS - DAY 17 - 11.45

81

More clothes, more purchases. Nice shoes, jewellery. Sunglasses. Perfume. Quick cuts.

82

EXT. HIGH STREET - DAY 17 - 12.30

82

Tracy walking out of a store with SCORES OF TOP END CLOTHES STORE BAGS. She looks like Posh Spice.

83 INT. MOBILE PHONE STORE - DAY 17 - 14.00 83
Tracy buying an Iphone. Paying in cash.

84 INT/EXT. TAXI/STREETS - DAY 17 - 15.45 84
Taxi. Tracy travelling home. Bags by her feet. She watches the world go by from the comfort of her seat.

85 INT. TRACY'S HOUSE - TRACY'S BEDROOM/LANDING - DAY 17 - 16.30 85
Tracy - sitting in her bedroom - surrounded by the bought items. She stares at them, these things that should bring her such pleasure. They bring her no pleasure.

She might have been sitting like this for sometime. Just staring at them. Trance-like. When...

Outside, she hears a car pull up. She snaps from her trance and looks out of the window - it's her mum.

TRACY
Shit.

She is momentarily frozen, unsure what to do, then - in urgency, she darts out to the landing and grabs a large pole, she pulls down the loft ladder, then fires back into her bedroom, grabbing the clothes and shoes and stuffing them into bags... the front door opens downstairs...

Shit, shit...

Tracy drags the bags onto the landing and starts to climb the loft ladder as quickly as she can, almost falling.

TANYA
Hello - Tracy?

Tracy doesn't reply, can't reply, she throws the bags into the loft space as best she can, then hoists herself up to push them in further as she hears her mum coming upstairs...

TANYA (CONT'D)
Trace - are you home?

Tracy just, just, manages to get them in and slide down the loft ladder as her mother appears.

TANYA (CONT'D)
What you doing?

TRACY
Left my necklace in my suitcase.
Thought I'd lost the thing -

She pats her pocket, as if it's in there.

TANYA

Why aren't you in work?

TRACY

(think think)

...it's Emma's hen night, they let
us go early -

Tanya doesn't believe her. But Tracy busies herself slamming the loft closed to avoid further questioning.

End of the day, people heading for cars. There's laughter and excitement amongst the girls - Emma, Grace, Amelie, and others - as they discuss the imminent hen do... they are trying to force her to swig from a bottle of schnaps but she is protesting, doesn't want to ruin her night... Rick is jeering along with them as he heads to his bike.

Mike catches up with Beth.

MIKE

You off on this wild night of
debauchery -

BETH

Of course.

MIKE

You wearing a greek toga -

BETH

That's the directive -

MIKE

Text me photos.

Mike smiles, flirty, fun. But then -

MIKE (CONT'D)

Promise me you won't get pissed and
start confronting Marianne -

Which annoys Beth -

BETH

I can be trusted with a drink
inside me -

MIKE

Good, because I couldn't -

BETH

It's Emma's big night, I'm not
gonna ruin it for her -

MIKE

Why don't you let me speak to her.
 I could have her in - tell her how
 much all this is hurting you -

A part of her wants to let him, but another part -

BETH

No, Mike, it's between me and her,
 but thanks -

He sneaks a touch of her hand, takes one finger in his own.
 Surreptitious, no one can see.

MIKE

Have a good time - but not too
 good...

They smile. *If only things were different...*

She heads away.

MIKE (CONT'D)

And don't forget those texts -

She smiles, heads to her car. On Mike.

Huge table - all the JS Motors girls (Emma, Grace, Beth, Marianne, Amelie etc but NOT KATHY) and some of Emma's friends from outside work. They are all wearing fashionable togas - adorned with various headwear and make-up - they look stunning, everyone made a huge effort.

This whole sequence played STYLISED

Laughter, drinking, singing, flirting with waiter, gifts (the obligatory chocolate penis). Emma the centre of attention. And loving it...

...but we are focusing on Tracy, making all the right faces, joining in, but not really there.

And drinking. Drinking. Drinking. Wine, spirits, cocktails, whatever comes her way.

There's GREEK DANCERS now, smashing plates. Two hunky guys getting jeers of approval. They're lifting Emma on to the table to do a dance herself. She goes for it.

All her friends chant her name 'Emma, Emma, Emma'. And it is a wonderful moment for her, really special. She is loving being the bride to be, loving being in this moment, with these people, on this night... it is everything it should be...

...but for Tracy nothing is as it should be.

She drinks some more. This is noticed by Beth (the only one who knows about Viv). She mouths 'you okay?' And Tracy raises her glass.

Emma is encouraged to launch herself from the table, like a crowd surfer, she does so and the two men catch her.

Applause from the girls.

...and then to a club. Lights, music, dancing, looks from the guys - this lot in togas are fit...

The beat pumps through them. More laughter, more drinking, this is turning into a classic night...

...but Tracy is numbed by booze, the alcohol not even having any effect any more, she just sways, and allows her mind to drift into glorious oblivion...

...and then it happens...

The track changes...

...and on comes Chase & Status, 'Let You Go'... *

And all the crowd are chanting along, euphoric, glad to be alive. *

And we flashback to the Dominican Republic.

Tracy and Viv dancing with the dutch guys at the beach party. * Arms in the air. The moment of their lives. Before, before, before...

We hold on Tracy's face. *

And she crumbles. It's like her mind splinters into a million pieces, and she falls or staggers or retches or whatever seems right, but she breaks down.

And hits the floor.

Beth is the first there, then Grace... they go to help her, screaming for others to help, but the music is so loud.

They drag her to her feet. And help her outside.

Tracy vomiting in the street. Beth and Grace still holding her up. Beth rubbing her back...

TRACY

I'm sorry, I'm sorry -

BETH

It's okay -

She vomits some more. Beth and Grace swap a look.

BETH (CONT'D)

I'll take her home.

TRACY

No, I can't go home - I don't wanna go home...

BETH

You can come back to mine. Come on, we'll find a cab -

Grace goes off to search for a cab to hail.

Tracy wasted. We hold on her...

TRACY

All I've ever wanted's to have a bit you know, the cool things, the smart stuff... be part of it - hook up with a footballer or a DJ - big house, nice clothes, swan around to parties and film premiere's. You look at those girls - Coleen or Abigail or Charlotte - and you think, what have they got that I haven't. They're not that good looking, not really, no more than any of us, they just got lucky. They got lucky.

On Beth...

BETH

Tracy, did you know...

90

CONT:

90

On Tracy, hold and hold and hold...

Tracy looks at Beth she wants to confess, wants to get this terrible secret she is carrying off her chest. Tell someone and then it will have to be dealt with...

But she can't, she can't.

TRACY

No, I swear...

But she has as good as admitted it.

91

OMITTED

91

92

INT. BETH'S HOUSE - SPARE BEDROOM - NIGHT 17 - 02.30

92

Beth's spare room. Tracy lying awake. Sleep simply won't come. She can't live with it. She peels out of bed.

93

EXT. ESTATE - DAY 18 - 05.00

93

First light. A bedraggled Tracy walking across a deserted estate as she heads home.

94

CUT

94

95

INT. TRACY'S HOUSE - MUM'S BEDROOM - DAY 18 - 05.20

95

Tracy slides open the door of her mum's bedroom. TANYA is fast asleep. Tracy stares at her for a moment, then slips her shoes off. She pulls back the covers and gets into bed next to her mother, spoons her - and fights tears.

Her mother becomes aware of the presence - wakes.

TANYA

Tracy...

TRACY

Hold me. Please, mum... just hold me...

And she does. She holds her daughter.

ROBBIE (V.O.)

(overlay from next scene)

Why did you do it? How could you be so bleedin' stupid?

96

INT. TRACY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 18 - 06.10

96

CLOTHES BAGS, SHOE BOXES and IPHONE BOX - all the things from Tracy's shopping trip - in a pile in the living room.

Tanya and Robbie sit with a contrite Tracy. She has obviously told them everything.

ROBBIE

You wanna be like dad - in prison!
You got your whole life ahead of
you!

TANYA

You're not going to prison.

TRACY

I can't live with it -

TANYA

You're not going to prison.

TRACY

I can't live with it, I can't live
with it. I can't get her out of my
mind, what she must be going
through, I'd *rather* be in prison
than deal with this -

TANYA

You're not going.

Silence, you could hear a pin drop.

TANYA (CONT'D)

And I'm being selfish, because I
love you, but I'm not losing my
husband and my daughter - I can't
do it, Tracy, I won't do it.

They all look at one another.

ROBBIE

So what we gonna do?

Tanya's mind racing, working out a credible plan of action.

TANYA

Okay... say we go to the police.
And you tell them you carried
drugs...

(those words stick in her
throat)

- they can't prove it. You've
admitted it, but they can't *prove*
it. What they can prove is *Jimmy* -
supplier, dealer, the middle man
for the whole thing -

She eyes her daughter.

TANYA (CONT'D)

We go and we tell them about Jimmy -
Tell them he forced you, tell them
he forced Viv, tell them this whole
thing was his fault - Robbie?

She looks to her son for his approval of this idea. He
slowly nods his approval -

This idea scares Tracy.

TANYA (CONT'D)

So we need to get our story
straight. Robbie - pen and paper.

She goes to fetch them. Tracy and Tanya look at one another.

TRACY

(of the shopping)
What about this lot?

TANYA

It goes back.

TRACY

I don't want the money.

TANYA

You're not getting it.

Tracy and Tanya sitting with two DETECTIVES in an interview room, she has a duty solicitor with her.

She is clearly giving a full 'confession'.

Tracy presenting with confidence, putting a brave face on it. But under the table her foot taps nervously.

Workers arriving, preparing for their day. Rick comes dashing in brandishing his blackberry - wide eyed with news -

RICK

Oh my god, who's seen this -

Reactions - what?

RICK (CONT'D)

Viv - arrested for smuggling drugs -

Reactions - amazement.

RICK (CONT'D)
She's in a Dominican Republic
prison -

EMMA
Dominican?

AMELIE
(truly amazed)
Ziggy was right -

People dive to their computers, smart phones and so on...

Mike clocking this, comes out -

EMMA
(hand over mouth, upset)
This can't be true -

GRACE
She wouldn't do this -

MARTY
I thought she was in Ibiza.

MARIANNE
Tracy said she was ill -

MARTY
Where is Tracy?

FAT JASON
She must have been in on it -

GRACE
(hears him)
She wouldn't do that - neither of
them would -

EMMA
- she'll have been set up -

FAT JASON
She swallowed them - you wouldn't
get me swallowing drugs -

GRACE
About the only thing you wouldn't
swallow - you fat get -

All hell breaks loose, people yelling at each other, taking
sides with or abusing Jason.

MIKE
(calls for calm)
Alright, alright, SHUT IT.

They quieten down.

MIKE (CONT'D)

We don't know the circumstances, we don't know the reasons, so let's hold the speculation...

BETH

Me and Mike have spoken to her parents and they're beside themselves - so is Tracy -

FAT JASON

(sotto, to Pete)
She was in on it -

Grace shoots him evils.

MIKE

We-don't-know-anything. And until we do, let's get back to work -

He goes.

There is a sense of shock, amazement amongst the team.

EMMA

(really upset)
She wouldn't do this -

BETH

People have secrets, do things they live to regret -

As she says this Beth glances pointedly across at Marianne, who turns and walks away -

RICK

(to the guys as they go -)
I wouldn't mind but I gave her ten Euros I had left from Crete - and all the time she's Pablo Escobar -

Tracy, Tanya and Robbie waiting. No one says anything. Just waiting. Terrible atmosphere.

TRACY

They're gonna bang me up aren't they, I know they will -

TANYA

Stay strong.

Her mum pulls her close and we stay on Tracy's face, a young woman who has made a serious mistake -

Hold on her fear and regret, until -

A DETECTIVE enters. Face unreadable.

DETECTIVE

Miss Shawcross -

100 INT. POLICE STATION - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 18 - 08.55 100

Tracy and Tanya are back in the interview room with the two Detectives and ANOTHER MAN.

DETECTIVE

Tracy, this is Dotun Aziz from our Serious Organised Crime Unit -

Tracy nods, terrified.

DETECTIVE AZIZ

Hi -

TRACY

Hello -

DETECTIVE AZIZ

Tracy, as I'm sure you know drug smuggling carries a sentence of up to fifteen years in prison.

Tracy nods.

DETECTIVE AZIZ (CONT'D)

And it's only through sheer luck you aren't sitting with your friend in the Dominican Republic - or lying in hospital because one of those bags burst -

He stares at her, tough faced.

TRACY

I know...

DETECTIVE AZIZ

But the point is you're not, you're sitting here and you came of your own volition. Which we appreciate.

Hold on Tracy, shaking. Tanya clasps her hand.

DETECTIVE AZIZ (CONT'D)

At this moment in time there is insufficient evidence to charge you with any offence. Therefore you'll be released and are free to go. However, should further evidence come to light in the future... You will be re-arrested.

Relief from Tracy and Tanya.

DETECTIVE AZIZ (CONT'D)

Also, we'll be using the information you have given us to set up a surveillance operation on Jimmy Carlton -

She nods her understanding.

DETECTIVE AZIZ (CONT'D)

And if he's arrested and it's taken to court, the evidence you have given today will be called upon. Do you understand?

She does.

DETECTIVE AZIZ (CONT'D)

You'd be prosecuted if you refused to testify, is that clear?

She does. The thought fills her with dread.

DETECTIVE AZIZ (CONT'D)

Is there anything you'd like to ask us?

TRACY

...what about Viv? Can you help her? Can you get her home?

DETECTIVE AZIZ

I'm afraid she's out of our hands - if she co-operates she might get a reduced sentence, serve time back home, but their system is notoriously slow so... don't hold your breath.

On Tracy, heartbroken. Tanya clocking this -

102 INT. VIV'S PARENTS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 18 - 16.25 102

Tracy and Tanya sitting opposite Janice (who looks terrible, on the booze again) and John.

A holiday programme babbles in the b/g on TV (or is mute but we see the images, the irony).

Tanya pulls a LARGE ENVELOPE from her bag and slides it, very matter-of-factly, across the coffee table.

Janice and John look at one another. Then Janice reaches forward and peers inside the envelope.

It's full of BANK NOTES.

TANYA

We want to help. It's for your flights. For Viv's lawyer.

JANICE

You can't afford this.

TANYA

It's from savings.

Complete lie and everyone knows it. Tracy turns away.

TANYA (CONT'D)

I know you've been off work and things have been hard -

JANICE

We're not destitute.

Tanya loses her confidence slightly.

TANYA

...when Viv's case goes to court, there'll be fees, you'll be expected to pay it.

JANICE

We'll manage.

TANYA

It could run to thousands -

JANICE

We don't need charity.

TANYA

It's not charity, it's -

JANICE

We can't accept it.

JOHN

Yes we can.

102

CONT:

102

JANICE

John -

JOHN

We accept it.

John stares hard at Tracy - and it's all in the unsaid. He knows what this money is and why they are offering it. And he hates her for it.

TANYA

You'd do the same for us.

Tracy can't meet JANICE's eyes. It's horrendously awkward. There is a long awkward terrible silence.

103

INT. JS MOTORS - BETH'S OFFICE - DAY 18 - 17.00

103

Work is carrying on as best it can, despite the earlier bombshell. We hold on Marianne at her desk.

She is staring at the VIV NEWS STORY on her computer.

Hold on her face.

Then, she slowly stands.

And we follow her as she walks out of her office, across the building and straight to Beth's office door.

She knocks.

BETH

Come in -

She opens the door. Neither of them speak. Until...

MARIANNE

I've lied to you Beth. Lots of things I've told you have been lies...

END OF EPISODE TWO